



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

And, in art, at least, this should not be done. If he had reverently painted, and even slightly idealized, a beautiful, nude young girl, and called it simply: "Spring," he would, perhaps, have poetized an ordinary subject and, in so far as he did so, would have lifted us above the brutal reality. That is the rôle of a great Artist. But in this picture, no doubt painted for some sensuous, royal lubber of his day, he frankly reversed the process and appealed to the senses, not exactly to the immoral—because there is here not even the budding of an impure gesture in movement. But he dragged the Goddess down from Elysium to the earth earthy. Instead of idealizing

his model he de-idealized his Goddess—materialized her and so Trivialized a sublime poetic subject.

How different is his nude in his own—"Sacred and Profane Love." How graceful and merely nude the beautiful body!—the whole work lifting us to the plane of serene delight where dwell the gods.

To take a subject capable of being conceived on a lofty plane, and to conceive it on a common, carnal plane, is to trivialize it—no matter how great, or by whom, the craftsmanship displayed. And, however one may pardon this in life, in art that is: "The sin against the Holy Ghost!" Titian in this work was guilty of this sin. That is why it is trivial.

## A DEGENERATE WORK OF ART

### "WOMAN MAKING HER TOILET" BY DEGAS

*See page 58*

A COSMIC urge is pushing man slowly, painfully but surely to evolve away from the animal. That is Civilization. But, oh, brothers! how we do hate to leave "the flesh pots of Egypt!" Even the best of us are still sufficiently Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde not to throw away the key to our boudoir, even when we do obey that never-sleeping urge—and go to the Temple. Why do we go to the Temple at all? Because we know, deep down, that Tophet lies the other way! Most of us follow the Archangel only because we fear to follow Satan.

But on the road that leads to our destined end there are many stragglers, who follow from fear of being left in solitude, but who cuss the leaders far ahead for not halting to give them a chance—to tread the "primrose path of dalliance." It is these stragglers who will buy such works as this "Woman Making Her Toilet," by Degas.

This is a distinctly degenerate work. Why? Even Degas knows that to represent woman in art, in any other than an idealized way, is a deliberate going counter to this current of civilization—away from the animal. Then why will he make, exhibit and sell so brutal a thing as this pastel drawing?

This work violates in a high degree the highest examples of the Six Elements of Art Power: it is a disgusting subject; conceived on a degraded plane; it is an ugly in composition; it expresses nothing; it is badly drawn; it is ugly in color; and has not even the redeeming feature of technical cleverness. The total result is—immoral. It is not openly pornographic like some of the "modernistic" bestial works, but it is suggestive, and therefore appeals to the sexual and alcoholic degenerates and to those whom these have convinced that this work possesses—a

"personal, individualistic technical touch!" and point of view.

The only thing that can be said of this screed in pastel is, that while in form it is bad, it is not so insane as the forms in the works of that other modernistic, overadvertised degenerate Cézanne. Otherwise it has not one redeeming feature and at first one is amazed that so degenerate a piece of "strumpet art" could find a buyer—even though made by an artist with so "manufactured" a reputation as that of Degas.

Then why will he—who in his early manhood proved that, as a craftsman, he was once capable of exquisite things—make and sell such an artistic wart—redolent with the moral effluvia of the cabarets and rat-holes of the Quartier Bréda and the Place Pigalle? The answer is, first: that, though once a normal producer of things decent and fine—he has gradually become a degenerate; and, second, because enough bar-room souled men and women still exist in the ranks of our public to crave such things as this by Degas: to stimulate their jaded nerves to furnish them with physical sensations of a low order, and sufficiently coarse in fiber to find such a thing an actual stimulus, while to refined people it acts like a moral assafoetida. And Degas, being "a hater of sloppy altruism," according to one of his eulogizers, and a follower of the Pompadour, with her: "After us the deluge!" is not above satisfying, either for popularity with his "modernistic" cronies, or for money, the demands: created by the corrupt dealers in such semi-Lupanar creations.

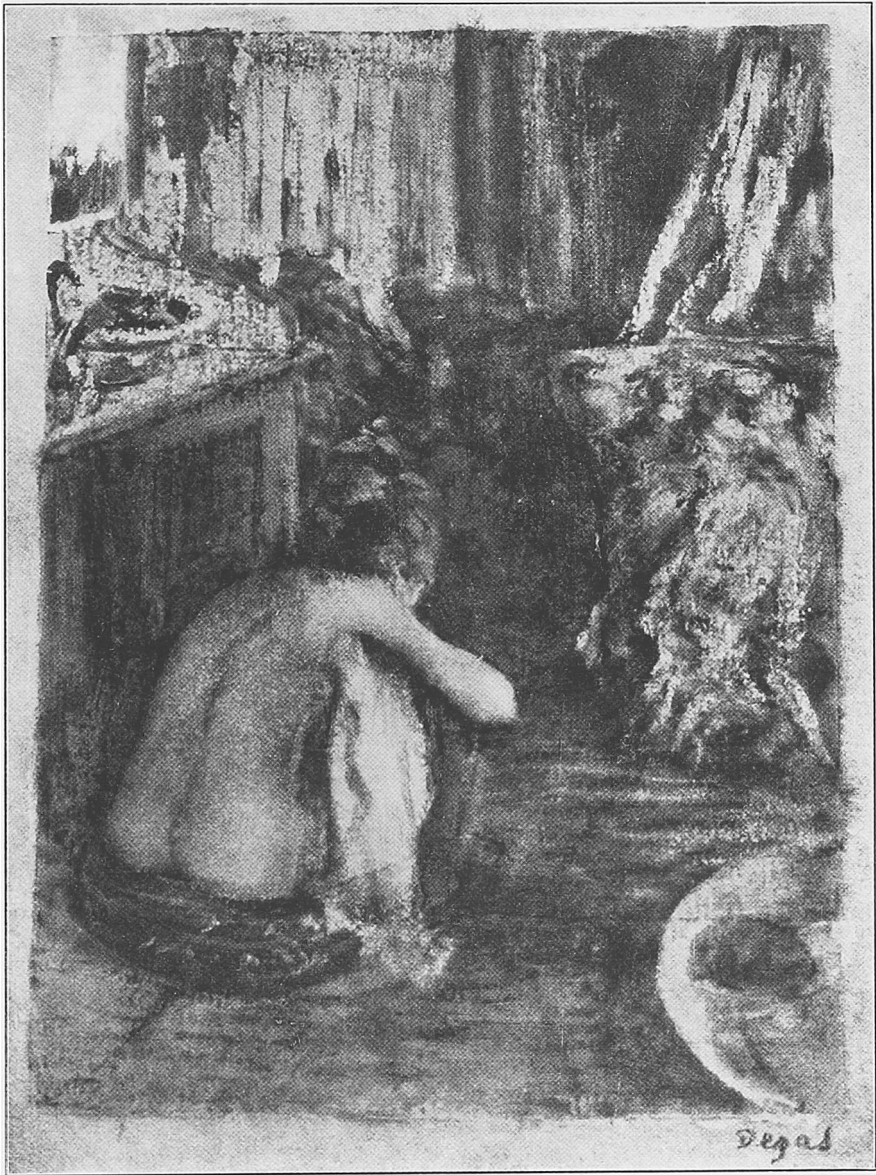
What a combination to hoodwink the Archangel: Degas, the moral runts of the world, and the mephistophelian dealers in—"Objets d'Art"!

Truly, as Beaumarchais said: "We must laugh at it—in order not to weep!"





“THE SECRET” BY TITIAN  
*See page 64*



“THE TOILET” BY DEGAS  
*See page 65*